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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1913. NUMBER 9.

"I never see a little tree bursting from the earth, peeping confidently up among the withered leaves, without wondering how long it will live or what trials or triumphs it will have. I always hope it will find life worth living, and that it will live long to better and to beautify the earth. I hope it will love the blue sky and the white clouds passing by. I trust it will welcome all seasons and ever join merrily in the music and the movement of the elemental dance with the winds. I hope it will live with rapture in the flower-opening days of spring and also enjoy the quiet summer rain. I hope it will be a home for the birds and hear their low, sweet mating songs. I trust that when comes the golden peace of autumn days, it will be ready with fruited boughs for the life to come. I never fail to hope that if this tree is cut down, it may be used for a flag-pole to keep our glorious banner in the blue above, or that it may be built into a cottage where love will abide; or if it must be burnt, that it will blaze on the hearthstone in a home where children play in the firelight on the floor."

Enos Mills in "Wild Life on the Rockies."

The Moving-Picture Show is still the hope and the despair of every friend of popular education and amusement. With all the censoring, there is in this business, which is assuming immense proportions, that which is intolerably silly and sometimes positively bad, devoid of rational educational elements. When will this marvelous achievement of science and mechanics be laid hold of by the educational and religious forces of society? They will find here a magnificent tool ready to their hands after all the vulgarity and viciousness have been "censored away."

Fiske Warren, in *Arden Leaves,* a monthly devoted to the Single Tax reform, has found Andorra, a republic among the Pyrenees representing "170 square miles of liberty," the vanguard of the Single Tax movement. A country where there are no taxes on improvements and no tariff at her borders. There is no army in Andorra, no graft and little or no crime. The richest man has not more than $100,000, and only one beggar was found. This sounds good, does it not? Would single tax work as well elsewhere and is it a way out of many of the difficulties which now beset city, state and nation?

The following unsigned fore-word clipped from the first page of the program given at the dedication of Unity Chapel, Orlando, Florida, March 19, 1913, is an opportune one for the times; truly, a ministry carried on in this spirit must impart healing and inspiration to many tired souls. We congratulate the Rev. Eleanor Gordon on the success of her work, and are glad to note that the same beautiful hymn, written for the dedication of the First All Souls Church in Chicago, in 1886, did duty twenty-seven years later in the land of oranges:

> The Church must change its form with changing conditions of life; but unless the root-elements of human nature become permanently changed, the Aspiration and Ethical Passions of mankind will forever kneel at some altar, and voice themselves in some heart-name for the eternal, in some sort of a Church!

The Illinois Legislature flounders still amid the bogs of partisan contention, political intrigue and personal ambition. The Initiative and Referendum seems to have passed through its storm and will be presented to the people in due time. The temperance battle is still undeveloped. The "Dry" forces would be safely in the majority were they not entangled in partisan rivalry. With a high-handed defiance to the loud petitions of both party platforms, and to the growing public sentiment recognized throughout the length and breadth of the land, a bill is pending for the repeal of the Civil Service Law. With unblushing effrontery, there is no apology offered except that offices are wanted to reward the workers. We cannot believe that such an indignity to public morals will be allowed under the administration of Governor Dunne, but the fact that such a bill has been reported out of the committee favorably, is sufficient cause for great humiliation if not anxiety. "The present incumbent is an efficient officer, competent in every way, but I want that office to reward the man who helped elect me!" is the remark of one who administers a certain section of the "patronage." Shame! Thrice shame! And still there are those of high intelligence and clean morals who bring their precious offerings and pour their libations on the "party" altar.

The last foreign publication that reaches our exchange table is the *Vedic Magazine and Gurukula Samachar,* edited by Prof. Rama Deva, B. A., M. R. A. S. The last number to arrive bears the further title of *Special Gurukula Anniversary Number,* and is dated "Chaitra 1969 & Baisakh 1970." We would be glad to place this Anniversary Number in the calendar of the western world, but we cannot find any suggestion of the equivalent to these dates in the Christian era. The publication office is the Union Steam Press, Lahore, India. "The Reader's Guide," which would answer for an editorial introduction in a western publication, tells us that this Anniversary Number contains seventeen articles from the pens of distinguished European and Indian writers. Here the

spirit of Vedic culture is defined as "looking upon the things of matter with the eyes of spirit, as the spirit of material civilization is to look upon the things of the spirit with the eyes of matter." A native writer in a poetical address "To Gurukula Dignitaries" closes with these lines, which are pertinent to the preachings and prophecies of all faiths:

Tell them that freedom never yet was won
By the rash deeds that anarchy has done.
Oh! tell them this, and more than this impart
A humanizing sympathy of heart,—
That God-like feeling of the gentle breast,
Forever blessing, and forever blest;
That charitable link which ought to bind
The highest and the humblest of mankind.

Of all the church publications, political or occasional, that reach our table, the neat little pamphlet that comes with a degree of regularity from the Liberal Christian Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, most nearly attains the realm of literature. It carries the modest title of "Lectures and Sermons by Joseph Fort Newton." The last issue to arrive contains four discourses, delivered respectively on March 11, 16 and 23 of this year. The first sermon is on "John Woolman, the Quaker," who, to many readers, was given a new halo by the sympathetic hand of John G. Whittier. The second sermon is entitled "A Hymn of the Cross," which, with subtle insight, he reads between the lines of the text: *"When they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."* The third sermon is an Easter morning discourse on Immortality: *"If a man die, shall he live again?"* On the evening of the latter day was given a sympathetic interpretation of the little known William Hale White, best known in literature as Mark Rutherford, —a compelling subject to this Iowa interpreter of mystics, himself a gracious illustration of the class so congenial to him. The readers of UNITY are not strangers to the delicate charm of this man's pen and the searching power of this man's sermons. We are sure many of our readers would appreciate the printed word issued from time to time by our colleague. Let the curious seek further information from Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Those interested in the May meetings of the Unitarian organizations, Western and National, will be amused, if not instructed, by reading the editorial comment upon the May meeting of the American Unitarian Association for 1829, as found in Volume II of the *Spirit of the Pilgrim* for that year, a copy of which strayed onto our desk. At that meeting of the A. U. A. the following resolution was offered by the Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford:

Resolved, That the progress of Christian truth is not to be estimated by the number of religious societies, or by any *visible* triumphs, but that its silent diffusion is sure and constant.

The article tells us that in support of this resolution Mr. Stetson spoke at great length on the silent, invisible progress of Unitarianism,—telling of families where the parents are orthodox and some of the children are Unitarian,—of a certain Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia in regular standing with the Presbytery but with a considerable proportion of its members Unitarian. He spoke of the popular literature of the day "breathing a liberal spirit." The Unitarians do not wish to estimate their triumphs, he said, by the number of their new parishes. Mr. Stetson was followed by the Hon. Jonathan Phillips of Boston, who, as reported, "had the merit" (if it be one) "of being the only speaker whose remarks were not controversial." It also speaks of an address by the Hon. Saltonstall of Salem, who presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the gross personalities and libelous insinuations to be found in religious publications of the day, are to be discountenanced and severely reprobated, by the friends of candor and decency.

The editorial comment upon this speaker was that he "spoke with much warmth and bitterness, and seemed not aware that he was himself indulging in as gross personalities as any which he could pretend to condemn in others." In further comment this editorial said: "It is not a little remarkable that, among the various anniversaries attended during election week, that of the American Unitarian Association should stand alone as being of a highly controversial character." And summing up the whole business he adds: "In the preceding account the public will discover convincing evidence that Unitarianism, of late, has made no outward progress. . . . Indeed, we consider the resolution, and much of the speech, of Mr. Stetson, in the light of an apology to the public for the very limited success of recent endeavors to propagate Unitariansim." All this happened eighty-two years ago! Is human nature ever the same? Was it so? Will it ever be so? Or, have things softened as well as brightened in the religious world in the last eighty-two years.

The Great Enemy of Progress

While this week's issue of UNITY is passing through the press, there will be a notable assembly of those who work for the pacification of the world, in session at St. Louis, being the Fourth American Peace Congress held in this country,—outline of the program, of which, we printed last week.

The strategic situation in this war against war is found in the fact that the forces in the interest of peace are fighting in the open while the enemy is gathered behind masked batteries. The forces which favor a larger army and more armament and bigger battleships, like those that are in favor of more saloons and freer whiskey,—with which they hold much in common,—trust to their power of reaching the "business" men and persuading the "voters." The Navy League, as already insinuated in these columns,

has been busy with the commercial men and bankers as represented by the Boards of Trade and the Associations of Commerce. They are in league with the subtle combinations of manufacture which represent the "vested interests" of the great warship industry, international in scope.

On this account it is interesting to find a trade paper, published in the interest of merchants, bankers and investors, being privately circulated among such, giving,—in addition to its report on the crop outlook, and the graphic display of the financial barometer, with its weekly summary of statistics concerning the monetary conditions,—a full page to the discussion of the war problem viewed from the standpoint of the expert business man. Roger W. Babson is one of the noted financial writers in America, and, perhaps because he is a Boston man, he fortunately can add to his ability as a financier the skill of a ready writer and the grace of a man of culture. So we give editorial space this week to the Special Letter, attached to Babson's Report, under date of April 22, 1913:

When the Balkan War is ended, then will come the great task of getting out from under the burden of debt and other burdens resulting therefrom. **The hope of a nation, and its greatest asset, lies in its people, and that which destroys this asset is truly a nation's greatest enemy. War makes a nation poor, financially, physically, socially and morally.** We must all admit that the Dominion of Canada is notably rich. Is not one reason because she has the distinction of not yet having experienced the awful tragedies of a great war and the inevitable costly results? No great and overwhelming war debt hangs over her people, while it is said that at least fifty per cent of all the revenue of this republic of ours is expended in payment of some form of war debt and the maintenance of our army and navy. Canada's people are a strong, ambitious, intellectual and prosperous people. Here we have a nation whose greatest asset—second only to its people—is its vast farm resources, yet only beginning to be developed. Furthermore, hers is a people of brain and brawn with which to make the most of the opportunities nature has placed at hand.

One of the most inhuman and unjust features connected with war is the fact that those who have the least control over the declaration of war—the common people of the farms and suburbs—have to bear in greatest measure the hardships, privation and loss of life incident thereto. On the other hand, many representatives of capital, who are by nature of their environment unable to meet the physical requirements for a soldier, are left free to use their power of position and influence for higher prices and increased profits at the expense of their unfortunate fellowmen at the front. This, of course, does not apply to many high minded men who are at the head of our great industrial enterprises, but rather to crooks and unprincipled men who sometimes gain positions of eminence.

The fact remains, however, that in the past while the most able-bodied of our men were away on the field of battle, others of power at home have taken advantage of these opportunities to use methods of fraud and dishonesty in the channels of trade, even to the disadvantage of the very men who were then in the thick of the fight attempting to save the nation from hostile inroads or from internal wrongs. Such things may not, at the present day, be so likely to occur, but nevertheless, war should be averted and the powers we possess must be directed to channels of construction rather than destruction.

Many believe that without the fighting instinct, man is decadent, uncertain and unsatisfactory. Very true, the fighting instinct, the pleasure of conquest over every obstacle, is a normal characteristic of man, but it is the wrong application of this trait which has led nations to destroy one another. Recall the history of France or of an ancient nation like Rome. Napoleon's armies were once feared beyond comparison, but the life of France has had to suffer through the tremendous toll war has taken from among her best blood. We read of Rome and her boasted conquest of the world, but at what a cost! Out of every thousand strong Romans eight hundred fell in war; out of every thousand weaklings nine hundred and fifty were left at home, and survived. If eight hundred of every thousand of the strong fell, and nine hundred and fifty out of every thousand weaklings survived, how long, think you, could that nation continue to be ranked among the courageous, the ambitious and leaders among nations? Remember, "Like father, like son. Like seed, like harvest."

A new generation of fops and dandies never would or could make a great nation. Does any sane man believe that the war records of nations are anything to be proud of? Certainly not; the markedly unfavorable results, physically, morally and financially, are being visited upon their people today and will continue so for generations. It was intended that a man should become sturdy, virile and courageous through his constant battle with the elements in lines of productive endeavor, not through the exercise gained in planning to break his neighbor's head.

Respectfully submitted,
Roger W. Babson.

"Mark Rutherford"

It is with deep regret that I record the death of William Hale White, better known perhaps under his pen-name, Mark Rutherford. He was eighty-six, and his going could not have been much longer postponed, and yet it makes those who loved him sad. I had just asked him to write a brief life story of George Macdonald for a little series of biographies of great preachers in which I am interested. Some one should pay such a tribute to the memory of Macdonald—a man half angel, half child, and altogether a saint. No one was better fitted to do that than Mark Rutherford, but, alas, he himself has now become a memory.

Thus they come and go, and death makes havoc of our plans. But I am unwilling to let Mark Rutherford go without paying tribute to the man who moved me more deeply than any other man of my day, unless it be Watts-Dunton. At any rate I can name some of the qualities in him which made their appeal to me. He says himself: "I have good reason to believe that I am passing on life's journey through what almost all wayfarers therein have had to pass through, but nobody has told me of it." Whatever may be the case with others, Mark Rutherford has told me more than almost anyone else about what I have passed and am passing through.

First of all, he was one of the greatest living masters of English style. No man of recent years, except, perhaps, Goldwin Smith, had been such a wizard in the use of words. It was a style of extreme simplicity, direct, forthright, unencumbered, and free. It seems as if he had only to let his pen have its way, and the right word was inevitable. I shall give examples of his style in a moment, and if any of my readers think it is an easy achievement, let him try it. A perfect circle is not more difficult to achieve, and it fills me with wonder and envy. Not alone for his style, but also, and much more, because of his wise reading of reality, he belongs to that select and precious company of spirits who have helped me to see a little of what our mortal lot may mean.

Always and everywhere Mark Rutherford deals

with the history of the soul. Outward facts and changes count for very little in themselves, save in so far as they may have to do with the inner life of human beings. A man moves from one place to another, but what is significant in that is merely that he comes under new personal influences. How simple are these words, and yet what unfathomable depths are in the insight they record:

There are some mortals on this earth to whom nothing more than a certain summer morning, very early, or a certain chance idea in a lane long ages ago, or a certain glance from a fellow-creature dead for years, has been the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, or the Descent of the Holy Ghost. A man now old and nearing his end is known to me, who one Sunday November afternoon, when he was but twenty years old, met a woman in a London street and looked in her face. Neither he nor she stopped for an instant; he looked in her face, passed on, and never saw her again. He married, had children, who now have children, but that woman's face has never left him, and the colors of the portrait which hangs in his soul's oratory are as vivid as ever. A thousand times he has appealed to it; a thousand times it has sat in judgment; and a thousand times has its sacred beauty redeemed him.

Some of us understand all that. These have been the things that have meant everything, and not the other things. Some of us, let us hope, understand the following words, which come as near saying the unsayable as any mortal may ever hope to come. They are from the "Pages From a Journal," and tell of a rare hour when life dropped its veil and spoke to the soul:

I was looking at a great, spreading oak. The first tinge from the greenish-yellow buds was just visible. It seemed to be no longer a tree away from me and apart from me. The enclosing barriers of consciousness were removed, and the text came to my mind, "Thou in me and I in Thee!" The distinction of self and not self was an illusion. I could feel the rising sap; in me also sprang the fountain of life uprushing from its roots, and the joy of its outbreak at the extremity of each twig right up to the summit was my own; that which kept me apart was nothing. I do not argue; I cannot explain; it will be easy to prove me absurd, but nothing can shake me. "Thou in me and I in Thee!" Death! What is death? There is no death; "in Thee" it is impossible and absurd.

Or again, in another key, in speaking of Mrs. Joll, a rude, stout, hard person, fond of her beer, rather grimy, given to quarreling a little with her husband, could use strong language at times, had the defects which might be supposed to go with her kind, and was utterly unintelligent as far as book learning went, he says:

Nevertheless she was well read in departments more important perhaps than books, in the conduct of life, and in her there was the one thing needful—the one thing, which if ever there is to be a Judgment Day, will put her on the right hand; when all sorts of scientific people, religious people, students of poetry, people with exquisite emotions, will go on the left and be damned everlastingly.

So mote it be! It is this vision of the hidden goodness of humble and often rough folk—together with a vast compassion for the forlorn and defeated, those who are trampled under and left behind, and who yet feel the tragedy of life by reason of a certain fineness of soul—that makes Mark Rutherford a teacher of a wisdom unknown to the wise. He sees the reality underneath the surface show and sham of life—sees it with a passionless detachment, and shows us pictures which we would fain forget, with questionings we try to put aside, and cannot. In speaking of the death of Phoebe Crowhurst, in "Catherine Furze"—a book of pure gold—he says:

Life was blank and dull as the brown clay in the November fields; nevertheless the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world shown in the Crowhurst cottage—a light greater than all lights which can be lit by priest or philosopher, as the sun is greater than our oil-lamps. The soul of a poor servant girl—only a servant girl—had passed away, and yet there was something in that soul equal to the sun whose morning rays were pouring through the window.

She had faced sickness and death without a murmur; she had no theory of duty, no philosophy, no religion, as it is usually called, save a few dim traditional beliefs, and she was the daughter of common peasants; but she had attained just the one thing essential which religion and philosophy ought to help us to obtain, and, if they do not help us to obtain it, they are nothing. She lived not for herself, nor in herself, and it was not even justice to herself that she demanded. Nor had she become what she was because death was before her.

If we could have a record of the devotion of those women who lie forgotten under the turf round country churches in England, it would be better worth preserving than nine-tenths of our literature and histories. Surely in some sense they still *are*, and their love cannot have been altogether a thing of no moment to the Power that made them.

Forbid that I should weary your patience, gentle reader, but here is a gem of purest ray. The late George Vest made a famous speech about Dogs in the Drum Case—a speech to stir the soul of man and dim his eyes with tears—but it does not equal this passage; and only Mark Rutherford could have written the last sentence. If that sentence does not haunt you, I fear you are past praying for:

There is something very touching in the love of a dog. It is independent of all our misfortunes, mistakes and sins. It may not be of much account, but it is constant, and it is a love for *me*, and does not desert me for anything accidental, not even if I am a criminal. That is because a dog is a dog, it may be said; if it had a proper sense of sin it would instantly leave the house. Perhaps so, perhaps not; it may be that with a proper sense of sin it would still continue to love me. Anyhow, it loves me now, and I take its fidelity to be significant of something beyond sin.

If such books as "Catherine Furze" and the "Autobiography and Deliverance of Mark Rutherford"—not to mention "Marian's Schooling" and the two volumes of "Pages From a Journal"—are not literature, "of the centre," then all our accepted standards of taste must be abandoned. No doubt temperament has a large place in such judgments, but it seems to me that the "Autobiography and Deliverance" is one of the really great and wise books of our time. It has a dreary outlook, to be sure, and the story moves under skies as gray as a tired face, and its end is dismal; but it has insight, sympathy, wisdom and a style the like of which it would be hard to find. What a gallery of portraits! They include the students and professors of the theological college, the worshippers of Water Lane, Mr. Snale, the "Christian tradesman" and bully, and Mrs. Snale "cruel, not with the ferocity of the tiger, but with the dull insensibility of a cart-wheel," and Mr. Hexton, with "not a single chink, however narrow, through which his soul looked out of itself upon the great world around." They come, they go. Of few are more than a few words said. Yet the reader is sure that those people still live on, though some of them richly deserved to be hanged.

Almost every chapter has these clear-cut characters, not always so unlovely, drawn by a confident and firm hand. The first part of the story, which has many pages, methinks, from real life, has to do with life in the country, and with the spiritual combats of a troubled soul amid the ultimate questions of existence. What a page is that which tells of the influ-

ence upon him of the genius of Wordsworth—how God was brought down from the heaven of books, and dwelt on the downs in the far-away distances, and in every cloud-shadow that wandered across the valley! Passing through college, we follow the hero, for hero he may be called, through the Baptist Church into a little Unitarian chapel, and at last to the office of an atheistic journal. In the second part of the story we are in London. There the Wordsworthian vision fades amid the grim and gaunt squalor of the slums, where the gaudy sign of an undertaker is the sole evidence of human aspiration.

London in autumn fog; London in the cold spring winds; London in shadow—what a pageant of maimed and broken lives which remain long after the book is closed. Yet the picture is not entirely gray. The world of which no theory is possible is seen to contain other things besides children sickening in cellars, and the slow rotting of humanity. It has its days in June, the delight of men and women in one another, love and human kindness. Despite it all, this sore-tried man, whose only capacity was a capacity for suffering, attained to something like tranquility before death entered and, suddenly and clumsily, made an end. Fretting against harsh enigmas had worn itself down to a patience which could even cherish a kind of hope. There was a light at eventide, and all night along above his grave there wheeled and flashed the great stars—the stars that shone in Eden, and will shine again in Paradise.

Let me add a brief catena of the wisdom of Mark Rutherford, words gleaned at random from pages that tell of simple lives and the sorrows they have with such dignity and pathos. If it gives us a new sense of the treasures of the humble—real treasures, not the handfuls of mist which Maeterlinck offers—and the unguessed goodness of human souls who wear the garb of labor and obscurity, it will have served its end. Above all, if it leads anyone to read Mark Rutherford, they will not stop till they have re-read all his stories, essays and journals, and they will thank me for the joy of it all.

When we grow old we find that what is commonplace is true. "We must learn to bear our troubles patiently," says the copper-plate motto, and the revolving years bring nothing more.

If you have any originality, it will better come out in an improved performance of what everybody ought to do, than in the indulgence in singularity.

It is the pernicious consequence of the sole study of extraordinary people that the customary standards of human action are deposed, and other standards peculiar to peculiar creatures under peculiar circumstances are set up.

When we come near to death, or near something which may be worse, the one staff which, perhaps, may not break under us, is the victory achieved in the situation by one who has preceded us; and the most desperate private experience cannot go beyond the Garden of Gethsemane.

What makes the peculiar pang of parting? The coach comes; the friend mounts; there is a wave of the handkerchief. He disappears, and I am left to walk down the dusty lane alone. In all parting there is something infinite.

She was in love with him—but what is love? There is no such thing; there are loves, and they are all different. It was a day on which to believe in immortality.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, I wept many tears. I had been guilty of a neglect which was wicked injustice, and I could never hear her say she had forgiven me. I understood the meaning of atonement, and why it has been felt in all ages that, by itself, reformation is not sufficient.

By their love for each other they were both saved. The disguises are manifold which the Eternal Christ assumes in the work of our redemption.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

The Need of Adding Social Salvation to Individual Salvation

BY REV. ROBERT S. LORING.

I hate, I despise your feasts, and will take no delight in your solemn assemblies. Take away from me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. Amos v:21-24.

Religion has usually dealt with the individual man. It has sought to save souls more than society. Even in his Protestant days Newman taught that the church did not seek to make good citizens, or good subjects, or good members of society, but rather good members of the New Jerusalem. Father Tyrrell, the modernist, wrote that "this is the teaching of Jesus. A life of very average morality, with frequent sacraments, is more pleasing to God than a life of heroic morality without sacraments." Recently I heard one of the better type of evangelists express what I suppose is the usual evangelical point of view, that something more than morality is urgently needed for salvation. He told of a man who was greatly worried because his son had not been converted, although the son was an honorable business man, a kind husband and father, and to us would seem to be in a safe condition. The churches have usually adopted this evangelical point of view and measured their work more by the number of souls converted than by their direct influence for social good. By contemplation of the mysteries of religion, by renunciation of the things of the flesh, by the humble, and too often merely passive acceptance of the Christ, or by fixing attention upon some such mystic sentence as "God is good, God is all," and therefore there are no real social troubles to be overcome, religion has tried to help the individual detach himself from the struggles and responsibilities of evolving life and so start his unsocial soul toward Paradise.

Work to save the individual is good; but it has been so over-emphasized as to affect harmfully our public social ideals. We have plenty of good moral rules instructing the individual as to his conduct in the small circle of family and friends, and as to his attitude towards God. In his religion he is to have a feeling of personal faith and trust in the Divine Fatherhood. Toward neighbors and friends he is to be temperate, just, affectionate, charitable, manifesting the Master's friendly and forgiving spirit. But as soon as we face large social problems there is a great and serious break in our system of ethical and religious rules, a painful failure to extend individual rules of conduct to society at large. The individual man must be temperate in the use of liquor, else he loses standing among friends and his position in business. But do we insist that the law of personal temperance shall become a social law and strictly govern the sale and public use of liquor in our large cities? Most men are ready enough to discuss their plans and work with wife, sister or mother; but many men are unwilling to give women a chance to express their opinions and to vote on public questions. The individual editor would think it beneath him to lie to his friends. Yet his paper rarely hesitates to sell space to men who wish to deceive the public by printing misleading advertisements. A large New York daily does not hesitate to turn off an honest and competent dramatic critic because he will not

write flattering lies about those plays which pay to advertise in this paper. In the small cities there are papers that do not hesitate, when short of copy, to fill up space with articles about the supposed failure of municipal ownership, which articles are furnished without cost, already set up, by associations of men whose private interest it is to mislead the public in regard to city ownership of water and light plants. The business men we know would not pick pockets, or sandbag a stranger on a dark night. But is their moral standard sufficiently broad to prevent their permitting the corporations they control to crush out competition by dark and underhand methods in order to rob the public by wholesale? The political boss is jovial and generous in his personal relations, ready to lend a follower a dollar, or to get a neighbor's boy a job. But is he equally kind toward his city and his state, or does he regard grafting, the undermining of political morality, as a legitimate part of a ward politician's business? Personally we have all advanced so far towards civilization that we no longer wish to settle questions of honor by fighting duels. But have we got far enough along to submit all questions of national honor to arbitration? Men who would shrink at the idea of private murder will shout for a larger army and navy, not simply for the reasonable purpose of international police duty, but for the purpose of being ready at slight provocation to make trouble for their weaker neighbors. The very things forbidden individuals by modern common sense and by the eternal principles of our religion are permitted the larger social unit, though misconduct on the part of the many does much more damage than misconduct on the part of the few. The wider the field over which moral indignation has to spread the weaker it grows, and the more antiquated, reactionary and ineffective are our ethical ideals.

Many persons think they must withdraw from the world in order to find God, as though the Divine Energy were not working close beside us here and now. So, many persons think they must partially withdraw from this world, must stand outside business and political life, in order to gain virtue and salvation. The result is that we have social conditions which not only permit men in business and politics to do wrong, but also often strongly tempt them to do wrong. You may remember the case a few years ago of the young express clerk who was given a hundred thousand dollars in cash to deliver to a bank and yielded to the strain of such an unusual temptation. He was rightly punished by a jail sentence when caught. But could he alone be rightly blamed? What about those who so carelessly put such temptation in his way? We often read of some bank clerk with a small salary and a large family who misappropriates funds. He undoubtedly deserves punishment. But what of the bank which pays less than a decent living wage for a man and family and yet so complacently expects the young man to stand the strain? In St. Louis a few years ago the aldermen were paid only $250 a year. One of them, who had to work for his living, told another alderman, an acquaintance of mine, that his city duties usually took six evenings a week, and often his day's work was broken into by delegations coming and asking for this or that. If such a man grafts he is to be blamed, for he should rather have resigned and given all his time to supporting his family by honest work. But is not a city also much to blame that asks a man to give so much of his time to its service for such a small sum? There comes a time when the strongest physical health breaks down under unsanitary conditions, disease germs, poor water, unwholesome housing. There comes a time when character, especially youthful and undeveloped character, breaks down under unusual and unjust temptation. Ought we not to be as careful to see that business and political life is controlled by ideals and by laws which make it easier to do right, as we are careful to see that our cities are controlled by sanitary laws that make it easier to keep physically well? Have we not a problem here that vitally concerns such institutions dealing with morality and salvation as the churches?

Two or three years ago I heard Mr. Lincoln Steffens, who has written many articles about city and industrial conditions, address a meeting of ministers. He said that he believed that men were naturally inclined to be good and to do what seemed right, but that industrial and political conditions unduly hindered them. He believed that the churches should devote less time to preaching private and neighborhood morality and more time to preaching the larger social and civic morality.

In order to make sure of his meaning this case was laid before him. In the coal business, especially on the coast, there is considerable bribery. Firemen, engineers, captains of smaller steamships often expect to be paid a private commission, otherwise they report that good coal is not good at all. Some persons wrongfully think that business likes this underhand dealing and is necessarily built upon it. But no person who pays for coal really wants his employes to solicit bribes. No miner of coal likes to pay such secret commission. No capable salesman feels proud of such a transaction. It is a bad habit of the incapable salesman grown at last to be almost a trade custom. Now the usual method of the idealistic minister, painfully ignorant of business, has been to preach only to the individual, to warn a man that he ought to refuse to give bribes even though he lost his position and his family starved. Should the minister rather preach a larger social reform, and direct his attention to working up a sentiment all along the lines of trade which would help change conditions for the better? To such question it was replied that this new, broader, more intelligent social preaching was the kind of work the churches should do. Yet a prominent liberal minister, a writer of widely read books on ethics, strenuously objected. He would not for a moment allow that wrong social conditions could in any way excuse individual wrong doing. Yet as long as the antiquated rules of the industrial and political game not only permit, but often encourage wrong doing, what right have we unreservedly or even harshly to condemn those who play according to these rules? What is the sense of our praying "Lead us not into temptation" unless we do something to remove unnecessary temptations from men, to see that more healthful standards control society? There is no danger that it will ever be too easy to do right, or that the necessity of character-building struggle will ever disappear. No such false philosophy can excuse us from trying to make righteousness as easy in society as possible, instead of as hard and unnatural as possible. The churches should not only preach goodness, but also work persistently

to bring about social conditions favorable to goodness.

Fair play, however, compels me to admit that there is another way one can act when faced by evil social conditions. It is the way followed by Noah, that queer wooden playmate of our nursery days. Noah was not much on social reform. He would never have received a Carnegie medal for heroism. When social trouble arose, he just got good old-fashioned religion, climbed into the ark, slammed the door, sailed away and left society to its fate. Many of the curious antediluvian animals known to Noah have disappeared, to the great disappointment of the circus business; but some of the antediluvian ideas cherished in his days still remain. We still meet persons who think they can save themselves by personal religion, personal cleanliness, personal honesty, personal kindness, by standing apart from the dirt, and vice, and wrongs of society. Is this really so? As to religion, have we not heard on good authority that "he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen? As to cleanliness, you and I may be on most intimate terms with a bath tub, and submit to its rather chilly embraces every morning; yet if we lived in New York, where in one block there are over a thousand persons rooming and only three bath tubs, could we long keep clean? Does it never happen that some proletarian germ of typhoid, or diphtheria, or tuberculosis, creeps up from the slums and kills the rich man's child? Can any amount of scrubbing of our own selfish selves keep us clean when we breathe the same air as the unwashed, walk the same dusty streets, ride in the same dirty cars, eat food in restaurants prepared by them, wear articles made by them in the sweat shops?

As for honesty, you and I would not deceive in buying or selling goods. But we are bound up in a system that deceives. As Professor Rauschenbusch puts it, they sell us fruit jam made without fruit; butter that never saw the milk pail; potted chicken that grunted in the barnyard; all wool goods that never said "baah." Unless by advocating better laws we help the honest dealer to be honest, are we not a part of the dishonest system in spite of our boasted personal morality? As for kindness, you and I would not take advantage of some woman's poverty to beat her down in wages. But we live in a society where wages are all too much influenced by the meanest manufacturer, who pays as little as he can, and forces his competitors to do the same. Some bargain sales are justifiable, as when winter goods are closed out in spring; but most bargain sales are based on sweat shop work, on the blood of the poor. Yet the Monday's bargain sale of the great department store is the most exciting and important commercial affair in most women's lives. Even if a person never goes to such a sale and only buys in exclusive and high priced shops, she is still connected with the lower side of modern industry. I was surprised to see in London a few years ago at the Sweated Industries Exhibit how many of the articles made at starvation wages in unwholesome tenement rooms were luxuries intended for the rich.

Where we are so hopelessly bound up with modern trade conditions it is impossible for us to avoid acts which future generations will regard as wrong. Our moral condition must be determined chiefly by our general attitude towards reform. Here is a simple health test you can apply to yourself. Every once in a while you read of just strikes, of manufacturers rightly forced to pay higher wages, such, for example, as strikes among the garment workers, or the makers of white goods. Sooner or later you will have to bear your share of such an increase in wages. If, when you go to the store and find you must pay this increased price, you do so cheerfully, glad that the workers are being made more comfortable, willing to economize for their sake, you have passed safely over from the narrow old-fashioned field of individual ethics to the broader modern field of social ethics. But if, when faced by such increased cost, you simply have a rising and abnormal temperature, a condition of feverish indignation, then no modern clergyman can give you a clean bill of moral health. There is no immediate danger of your being numbered among the saints.

Yet, while we are none of us saints, it is probable that in our desire for reform most of us stand nearer to the saints than to the sinners. If we are to get safely through our social troubles it is important to recognize that these are not generaly due to deliberate individual guilt. They are not so much the fault of the churches, or the workingmen, or the trusts, or the lookers on, as they are the fault of men who are dead, and upon whom we cannot take vengeance. Perhaps we would not wish for vengeance if they were alive, for the men who caused our troubles are those who invented the steamboat, the railroad train and the telegraph. Before these inventions bound the nations together, most persons lived a simple community life most of the time, hearing only tardily and infrequently from neighboring states, doing most of their trading with their immediate neighbors. But now such simple days are forever past. The world begins to feel itself as a complex whole, entangled in the laws of international trade, dimly feeling its way towards those new rules of the game that shall promote international justice and peace, with all ethical problems raised to the nth power, demanding almost superhuman thought, sympathy, patience for their solution. In a way there is happening to us on a tremendous scale what happened to Israel on a small scale in the days of the great prophets. Their times resembled ours in this, that simple neighborly life was being subordinated to city life, that trade conditions were becoming more complex, rich men coming to the front, society growing luxurious; and the older system of religion and morality failed to keep up to the pace. In such changing and strenuous days no mere personal religion, no taking refuge in the ark of the Lord, can make up for a lack of hearty sympathy with and practical co-operation in public reform. No repetition of venerable creeds, no sprinkling with the water of baptism, no partaking of the sacrament, can lift a man far towards heaven unless he does his share towards bringing heaven down to earth. Jesus, in his great picture of the last judgment, declared that only those who had clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the sick, would be numbered among the righteous. If he had lived in our age is it not probable that he would have added that only those would be counted among the elect who had helped on social reforms, worked to purify politics, stood for a better distribution of the comforts of life, aided the cause of industrial democracy? Once more the thunder of the Di-

vine Discontent is heard in the land demanding that we broaden our individual moral ideals to cover society, that we wash ourselves of our industrial sins, make clean our political life, put away the evil of our social doings, so that judgment may once more roll down as the waters, and righteousness as a mighty purifying stream.

Bergson and Syndicalism

Those who have been attracted to the French philosopher, Bergson, by the freshness and originality of his thought and the beauty of his style, and who have hoped that he might shed new light on old problems, are likely to be somewhat distressed when they hear him spoken of as the philosopher of the revolutionary movement known abroad as Syndicalism, and represented in this country by the Industrial Workers of the World. They very naturally wish to know whether the influence of this thinker is really anti-social and what justification there is for the claim that the present determined attempt to overthrow the state and the present social order is sanctioned by his philosophy. In spite of the fact that brief statements on complex subjects are dangerous, and that it is often better to say nothing about them unless they can be adequately treated, I venture to offer the following remarks concerning the relation of the philosopher of the day to the revolutionary movement of the day.

What, then, is Syndicalism? The best short answer is perhaps given in a little book, published last month, entitled "American Syndicalism: The I. W. W.," by John Graham Brooks. The following composite photograph of the doctrine is by a sympathetic writer, A. D. Lewis, and is taken from his "Syndicalism and the General Strike," page 10:

> Syndicalism hopes for the construction of a juster type of society to be brought about by a war between the classes; all its hope is based upon the righteous anger of the exploited directed against their robbers. It is therefore indifferent to theories so long as it has an aggressive working class. It wishes to work purely through working-class bodies—it will have no middle class sympathizers; this partly because it distrusts politicians, partly because French trade unions were long the battlegrounds of warring views of socialistic tactics, partly because it wishes to train the workingman to act by himself and without orders from a superior. Delegates are to be distrusted and leaders are to be led; their fear of responsibility, their separation of the man who is under the thumb of a master, make them always less rebellious than some of their followers. The Syndicalist likes poor unions best—riches bring caution; he likes low weekly dues and small benefits. All strikes are useful; they train men in working together and rouse their spirit; they encourage insubordination and make revolution more probable. The great weapon of the workers against their masters is disorder; the main purpose of the law is to defend property. If the strike is good, the general strike would be better; a strike in the railway service or in coal mines might bring on a strike in all the chief trades of a country. There are other useful forms of direct action—*sabotage*, or the destruction of property, intimidation of masters, sitting in factories with folded arms so that no blacklegs can take your place, leaving work at an hour earlier than the masters want, wasting materials, telling the truth to customers—all these are means by which the masters can be made to yield.
>
> The *Syndicat* is not only the fighting force of the present, but it is the germ of the productive unit of the future. The worker in it is to study so as to prepare himself to carry on the necessary work of the district without help from another class. The subservience of the army to the propertied class is to be dissolved by anti-militarist propaganda. The Syndicalist is to prepare for a new world in which he, the producer, will have the upper hand, and the other class, overcome by means of the general strike, will be forced to capitulate. In that new world there will be no authority either of the state or of the masters: all work will be looked upon as of one value; property will be abolished; men will be associated in small federated but ungoverned groups.

This movement is opposed to trade unions, for these recognize the wages system and make terms with it, whereas Syndicalism is waging against it a war of extermination. It has no sympathy whatever with political socialism or with state control of industry, but aims at the "dictatorship of the proletariat," to be brought about by "direct action," sabotage and the general strike. It comes preaching a new ethics: "Anything which protects the present order is for that reason wrong. Acts which lead to its undoing are therefore right." For it "the McNamaras are the John Browns of the social revolution." There are, according to this doctrine two, and only two, classes, between which war is inevitable, and the talk of peace between them is "stupid and knavish." We must regard only the horizontal social relations, and sever or disregard those that bind us up and down. No middle class leaders or sympathizers are wanted. After the revolution, what? The only constructive suggestion offered is the abolition of the state and the substitution of the administration of industry either by crafts or by communes.

What has all this to do with Bergson? Certainly, these ideas are not derived from him. It amounts practically to this, that some things which he has said might be interpreted in such a way as to support some of these revolutionary proposals. We must remember that whoever has a desperate fight on hand naturally looks for support. If the prestige of some great authority can be enlisted, an effort will be made to use it. The socialists, for instance, and the individualists both quote from the New Testament, and seek to show that Jesus and the Christian religion are on their side. And there are good texts for both parties. Life is complex; it actually includes and synthesizes opposite tendencies, and great thinkers who do justice to the different aspects of life reflect this complexity and can always be quoted by partisans and special pleaders.

In this case the program of the revolutionaries is action, overthrow of the existing order and putting the fourth estate in sole possession of the world. If you ask, what then? they reply that the future is unpredictable, that life is an adventure, and quote Bergson to that effect. But this is an afterthought. As Lewis remarks, Sorel, the leading intelligence in the movement, "was a Bergsonite before he read Bergson."

Again, Syndicalism is said to be the social expression of the anti-rationalistic movement, the implication being that the French philosopher is properly characterized as anti-rationalistic. This, of course, is not true. I hold no brief for him, but any fair and candid reader must, I think, admit that he does full justice to his intellect. What he has tried to do is to show that there is another way of knowing, through instinct developed into intuition, and that the deliverances of intellect and intuition should be subjected to mutual interpretation and combined into the more adequate view of philosophy, our nearest approximation to the truth.

Now the Syndicalist movement is not wholly bad.

There are injustices and sufferings which have awakened it, and it is rendering a service to society by forcing these upon its attention. And society will find a remedy, one very different from the irrational one suggested by the revolutionists. There is even a certain idealism in the movement which a wise social leadership will aim to conserve. Still, the movement is unintelligent, and this fact is admitted. It confesses to being an expression of instinct. Since the trained intellects of society are against all its proposals, it renounces intelligence. It says, "Intelligence always defends the established order and puts us down with arguments, facts, statistics. We therefore oppose our feeling, our passion, our enthusiasm to your intelligence." The position is very definite and clear cut, and has been assumed partly from despair of relief through orderly political methods. The movement is strongest, perhaps, in France, in which country there happens to be at present a brilliant philosophic thinker and writer who lays more emphasis on the place of instinct in life than any of his predecessors. What is more natural than what has actually happened? A revolutionary movement which is the expression of a strong but vague feeling and which realizes that its proposals cannot stand the light of reason could not let this opportunity pass by, and so has sought the support of a great name.

Fabian Ware, in his book, "The Worker and His Country," attributes the revolt of the working classes in part to their lack of education. Their intellect and judgment being undeveloped, they are controlled by instinct. He remarks upon the fact that this revolt comes at a time when "Bergson's influence has given a fresh impetus to the spontaneity of the French people," and, penetrating all classes of society in France, "has undoubtedly stimulated the attacks of the governed on the forces of convention."

Mr. Ware has concisely stated the situation in the following paragraph:

> Bergson's influence on the working classes as a whole is certainly only of that vague and somewhat illogical kind which a great thinker, become famous, exercises over the minds of men when, among the thoughts he expresses, is found a tendency for which they are prepared. M. Bergson's philosophy for them consists in this, however his critics or he himself may object to the interpretation. The vague aspirations of the working classes—the revolts of their minds against what they know to be, but often cannot demonstrate intellectually to be, the inherent injustice of the existing social organization—aspirations which rise but to fall broken-winged against the barriers of facts, statistics, systems, M. Bergson has sanctioned as the activities of instinct which alone forms a link between the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. His authority has given them an invincible faith in their own convictions. They believe that they can now turn the flank of the governing classes, hitherto entrenched in a position rendered impregnable and defended by the forces of intellect retained in their service. M. Bergson would be the first to disclaim any intention of playing the part of a modern Rousseau; a philosopher pure and simple, he has accepted the limits imposed by the arbitrary division of intellectual labor in the age in which we live. As a specialist, his very language is not intelligible to the general public, and the interpreters who popularize his views can only present a partial application of them. It is *merely a coincidence,* as far as anything is a coincidence in the history of humanity, that he should have supplied a new sanction for the activities of instinct at a moment when the forces of instinct and intelligence, represented on the one side by the governed and on the other side by the governing classes, have joined issue in that final struggle which, in the hope of many, will result in the merging of the two in a complete humanity, marching on in full strength towards its ultimate destiny. Pages 104-106.

Syndicalists and their relation to Bergson remind us (and how often are we thus reminded!) of what the author of the New Testament, writing in II Peter, said of the Christian philosopher of his day: "Even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you; as also in all his epistles, speaking on them of these things, in which are *some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction.*"

St. Louis. GEORGE R. DODSON.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

IX.

JEREMIAH.

TEXT: *He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, and by his understanding hath he stretched out the heavens. Jeremiah* x:12.

These prophets, fifteen or more, constitute a group of individiuals by no means equal in power or importance. It is to be remembered that they were subject to all the variations of power and personality, of environment and inheritance that any like number of representative poets or statesmen of any other people would be. A group of fifteen poets of the United States would reach from Emerson to Whitcomb Riley, Lowell to Whitman. The Bible is so glazed with the conventions either of theology or style that we do not come to it with a sense that it is fresh and near.

Jeremiah is a great, world man, clearly the largest personality of the Old Testament. Jeremiah and Jesus are the mountain peaks of the Jewish race. Jeremiah is too big a man to be measured by his words, his life was so much greater. He is the man of whom later Bible writers use phrases which the Christian world has applied to Jesus, such as "the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief;" "with whose stripes we are healed." The author of these, probably, and similar phrases, was looking backward to Jeremiah, not forward to Jesus. To feel the full force of Jeremiah you must unroll before your imagination the whole of Hebrew history, and discover the throbbing heart of the Bible. Through a long career he stood at the storm center of Hebrew life. He saw four kings rise and go down. He saw the invading armies of Egypt sweep by to meet the Babylonian army at Carchemish, 604 B. C., and there get permanently whipped. He saw the besieging armies of Babylon invest Jerusalem for two years. He saw the first deportation, 597 B. C., and ten years later the final catastrophe, the fall of Jerusalem. He then received from King Nebuchadnezzar the choice of either the freedom to remain in the old city or the confidence and companionship of the king himself. Like the true patriot he was, he preferred the ashes of Jerusalem to

the palaces of Babylon. He stayed with the wretched remnant of his people and went down with them into obscurity.

Thirteen years after the boy Josiah came to the throne Jeremiah gave himself to the mission of a statesman, a preacher, a leader of men. Never was a man more clearly called to a task and never was a task more heroically faced. His was the consciousness of a destiny which comes to few of the great ones of the world. Read the account of his call in Chapter i:4-19.

The "rod of almond wood" in verse 11 refers to a tree which, like our dogwood, blossoms in spring when all other trees are bare. It is the hope of a new day. In verse 14 the Scythians referred to, were possibly the Hittites, who loom large in recent researches.

Jeremiah saw the practical situation; Jerusalem was not strong enough to hold its own. It was already under a certain vassalage to Babylon, to whom its people probably were paying taxes, and at the same time catering to the fashionable and superficial foreign influence, anyhow not living up to their inheritance. Jeremiah tried to arouse them to loyalty to their religion, and federation and integrity in civic affairs. He was statesman enough to see that they should make the best terms possible with Babylon. But to own their weakness, politically, was offensive to the king and the people of Jerusalem, and Jeremiah was punished for his suggestion. He was placed in the stocks and then lowered into a muddy dungeon where he sank into the mire. There he stayed until at the solicitation of Ebed-melech, the Ethiopean, the king ordered his removal.

With the exception of the Psalms the book of Jeremiah is the longest in the Bible. It was written not by Jeremiah but by his amanuenses, perhaps Baruch and others. There is more biographical matter in it than prophetic. The New Testament has a quotation from a "Life of Jeremiah," doubtless for long extant, but which has been entirely lost. The first compilation of Jeremiah's words, made by Baruch, when read to the king by Jehudi, so incensed him that he ordered it burned. When Baruch rewrote it he says that "he added many words thereto."

An interesting thing happened during this reign. Josiah, who was in his earlier years reckless and defiant, influenced by the persistency of Jeremiah and others, felt, as he grew older, that something should be done. So money was raised to redecorate the temple. The workmen during the renovation came upon a book they did not know, written as though it were reminiscent,—a rewriting of old codes, purporting to be the word of Moses, who had been dead about 700 years. This book was "Deuteronomy," not as we have it, though the initial part of it, and it instantly became a vital factor in the life of the Jews. Some scholars have thought the book was probably the work of Jeremiah, but there are those who speak of it as a "pious fraud," and still others think some priests put their heads together and deceived the king. It does not appear in Hebrew history until the premiership of Jeremiah, who was the Lloyd-George of his time.

The abominations that Jeremiah threw himself against were three. First, the idolatrous tendency—they were always trying to play "Good Lord, Good Devil" with adjoining religions. Second, high-handed corruption and the injustice to the people. Third, their fool-hardiness in their relations with other powers. They were so drunk with conceit that they did not face the situation as they should.

The book is made up of different fragments. The first twenty-five or thirty chapters are more elaborate in composition, clearly in the realm of literature. "The word of Jehovah came to me" is the division mark of the editor. The seventh chapter reminds one of the words of such men as William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown and Wendell Phillips, words of everlasting truth.

"Hear the word of Jehovah, all ye of Judah,
Who enter in at these gates to worship Jehovah!
Thus saith Jehovah of Hosts, the God of Israel:
Amend your ways and your doings,
And I will suffer you to dwell in this place!
Trust ye not the lying words, when they say,
'The temple of Jehovah, the temple of Jehovah,
The temple of Jehovah are these.'
Yet if ye will thoroughly amend your ways and your doings,
And dispense justice between man and man,
If ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow
And shed not innocent blood in this place,
And go not after other gods to your own hurt,
Then will I cause you to dwell in this place. . . .
Behold ye trust in the lying words without profit. . . .
Is this house which is called by my name,
Whilst ye practice all these abominations.
Become a den of robbers in your eyes?"

Six hundred years after this another Man of Sorrows stood on the threshold of a temple and said:

It is written, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Chapter vii tingles with this poetic kind of righteous indignation, of ethical vehemence, paralleled only by the protests of the great ethical leaders of the world. It is deplorable that the man who tells the truth is not usually liked. Jeremiah's statements were no worse then than the words of Jesus. "Ye generation of vipers," or John Knox's "Thou art the man." The burden of the prophet, the moral teacher, is always one of pain and agony, like the moan of Hamlet:

The times are out of joint, O wretched spite
That I was ever born to set them right.

The same words might be spoken of our cities today, but we do not want anyone to tell us so. Jeremiah was the Jesus of the Old Testament and he suffered as Jesus did.

In the twenty-third chapter is one of the beautiful texts used in support of the orthodox thought that the Christ of the New Testament is foretold in the Old Testament:

Behold the days are coming, saith Jehovah,
When I will raise up from David a righteous branch. . . .
I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries.

This is universal religion, a great hope. The Jews had an idea that the gods of the adjoining countries really amounted to something, but Jeremiah told them in plain Hebrew that they were simply wood and stone and spoke of Jehovah the noble words of our text.

QUESTIONS ON JEREMIAH.

1. Are all the prophets of equal importance? Why?
2. What rank among the prophets belongs to Jeremiah?
3. Under what kings did he live?
4. Give some of the events of his life.
5. What constitutes the larger portion of the book?
6. Why should they have made friends with Babylon rather than Egypt?
7. What important book was found during Josiah's reign?
8. Who may Jeremiah be compared to?
9. Give some similar characteristics of both.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

To be held with the First Unitarian Church, Toledo, Ohio, Ashland Avenue and Prescott Street, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12, 13, 14, 15, 1913.

PROGRAM.

MONDAY, MAY 12—4 p. m.: Meeting of Conference Directors at the Church. 8 p. m.: Service of Worship, conducted by Rev. George F. Patterson, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Sermon, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, LL.D., Chicago.

TUESDAY, MAY 13—10 a. m.: Ministers' Meeting, at the Toledo Commerce Club. Topic, "Our Missionary Problem. Discussion led by Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, Lincoln, Neb. Woman's Alliance Meeting at the Church. Address: Some National Officer. Discussion. 12:30 p. m.: Alliance Luncheon (Complimentary), at the Church. Ministers' Luncheon, at the Toledo Commerce Club. 2:30 p. m.: Religious Education Session. Service. Address: "Religious Education for Adolescents." Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Iowa State University. Discussion. 6:30 p. m.: Conference Supper at the Woman's Building. Toastmaster, Rev. Fred. V. Hawley, Chicago. Speakers: Prof. John R. Effinger, Michigan University; Rev. Henry H. Burch, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. Eleanor E. Gordon, Iowa State Conference; Rev. Wilson M. Backus, Minneapolis.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14—10 a. m.: Address by the President, Hon. Morton D. Hull, Chicago. Written Reports of State Secretaries (five minutes each). Michigan—Rev. George F. Patterson. Illinois—Rev. Albert R. Vail. Wisconsin—Rev. Frank A. Gilmore. Minnesota—Rev. George R. Gebauer. Iowa—Rev. Eleanor E. Gordon. Missouri Valley—Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly. Report of Treasurer—Mr. Clement K. Pitman. Report of Secretary—Rev. Ernest C. Smith. Address: "Missionary Methods," Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, Secretary Church Extension, A. U. A. 12.30 p. m.: Cafeteria Lunch at Church, 50 cents per plate. 2:30 p. m.: The Present Spiritual Awakening: (1) "What We May Learn from the New Religions," Rev. Albert R. Vail, Urbana, Ill. (2) "Recent Philosophies and the Help They Bring to Religion," Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N. Y. Discussion. 8 p. m.: Platform Meeting—"The High Quality of Life." (1) "In the Realm of the Spirit," Mr. J. E. Williams, Streator, Ill. (2) "In Social Relations," Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis. (3) "As Manifold, Yet Unbroken," Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Chicago, Ill.

THURSDAY, MAY 15—10 a. m.: The Church as an Agency—(1) "For Social Service," Rev. Robert S. Loring, Ann Arbor, Mich. (2) "For Social Justice," Rev. John W. Cooper, Davenport, Iowa. Discussion. 11:30 a. m.: Closing Business Session. 12 noon: Devotional Service, Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, Detroit, Mich. 2 p. m.: Missionary Council Meeting.

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Many cathedrals and churches are able to boast of their vast proportions and of the millions of stones that are embodied in their structures. On the other hand, there are some famous churches whose fame rests on their consisting of but a single stone—being, in fact, hollowed out of the solid rock. One such, with nave and aisles that date from the ninth century, may be seen in France at St. Emilion, a village well known to claret drinkers. Another exists at Sutri; a third was recently found at Fontgombeau during the excavation of the ruins of the abbey. But one of the most striking is that which the French government has recently classed as "monument historique"—the monolithic church at Aubeterre (Charente), which has a gallery and a mausoleum.
The Christian Life.

SYMPOSIUM ON SOCIALISM

The growing interest in social problems and in Socialism as a possible solution of many of them, leads us to think that some of our readers may be interested in the following announcement and program, published in the current issue of *The Chautauquan*:

"Chautauqua Institution proposes, with the co-operation of those who are interested in the subject, to devote a week of the Fortieth Annual Assembly to a Symposium on Socialism. The time is opportune for discussion on a high plane of those theories and achievements which are denominated socialistic; and no platform offers so admirable a forum as the Chautauqua platform with its widely representative audience and its reputation for fairness. It need hardly be said that the aim of this week is neither to establish nor to attack Socialism, but to give some appreciation of the theories and the problems involved.

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"It is possible to announce the following speakers who have already accepted invitations and others will be announced as soon as negotiations are completed. The subjects of the addresses are also indicated.

Dr. H. H. Powers of Boston. Main series: "Present Day Socialism in Europe."

July 14—"The Rise of the Socialist Philosophy."

July 15—"Private Socialistic Experiments."

July 16—"The Socializing of Modern States."

July 17—"The Socializing of the Individual."

July 18—"The Hope and Menace of Socialism."

Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, July 15, "The Reasonableness of Socialism."

Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, "The Socialist's Attitude Toward Charity."

Mr. James O. Fagan, July 17, "Socialism as Applied to the Railroad Operative."

Professor Scott Nearing, July 18 (subject not announced).

Hon. Job E. Hedges, July 19, "Socialism as Affecting the Fundamentals of Representative Government."

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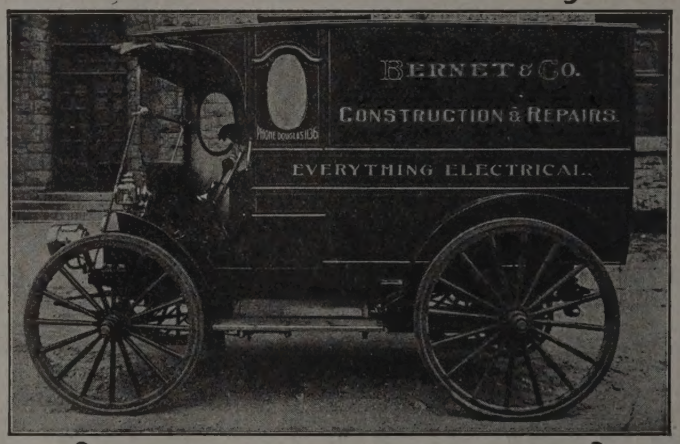

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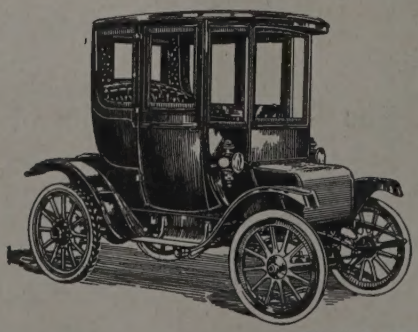

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